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THE MAGIC GIRDLE:

A

BURLETTA.

TAKEN FROM THE FRENCH OF

MONSIEUR ROUSSEAU.

SET TO MUSIC BY Mr. BARTHELEMON,

AND PERFORMED AT MARYBONE GARDENS.

LONDON:
Printed for T. BECKET, in the STRAND.

MDCCLXX.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

HORATIO, *a young Gentleman in love with* CEPHISA.	}	*Mr.* BANISTER.
TRUFALO, *her Guardian.*	—	*Mr.* REINHOLD.
VIOLENTINA, *her Aunt.*	—	*Mrs.* THOMPSON.
CEPHISA, — — —		*Mrs.* BARTHELEMON.

THE MAGIC GIRDLE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

VIOLENTINA *and* CEPHISA *ſitting at a Diſtance*; CEPHISA *ſinging an* Italian *Air, and* VIOLENTINA *a Ballad.*

CEPHISA.

QUanto mai felice ſiete
Innocenti Paſtorelli
Che in amor non connoſcete
Altra legge che l'amor
Ancor io ſarei felice
Se poteſſi a l'idol mio
Paleſar come a voi lice
Il deſio di queſto cor.

VIOLENTINA.

Would you hear of a Spaniſh Lady,
How ſhe woo'd an Engliſhman;
Garments gay, and rich as may be,
Deck'd with Jewels ſhe had on.
L. "*Gallant Captain, take ſome Pity*
"*On a Woman in Diſtreſs:*
"*Leave me not within this City,*
"*For to die of Heavineſs.*"
C. "*Reſt you ſtill, thou gallant Lady,*
Reſt you ſtill, and breed no Strife;
I in England *have already*
A ſweet Woman to my Wife."
L. "*O how happy is that Woman,*
"*Who enjoys ſo good a Friend!*
"*May he ever prove a true Man:*
"*Of my Suit I make an End.*"

RECITATIVE.

VIOLENTINA.

But now, dear Niece, of Buſineſs,—if you pleaſe.—
To one ſo debonair, genteel, and pretty,
(I know it from Experience at your Age)
The Days ſeem long; and Years alas! too ſhort—
'Tis Time to talk, as well as think, of Marriage.

AIR.

I in my younger Years, yes I,
Of Lovers had a many;
Yet was ſo coy, I know not why,
Could never fix on any.

Till I, like Tantalus, *have cried,*
To think my Fate as urging;
With Lovers conſtantly ſupplied,
Yet doom'd to die a Virgin.

RECITATIVE.

That this may not be my *Cephiſa*'s Caſe,
Your Father has provided by his Will,
That *Trufalo*, the Fool, your Guardian,
At the Year's End ſhould marry you himſelf,
Or give Conſent to make another happy.
The Time, my Child, to-morrow is expir'd;
I wait impatient therefore your Intention.

CEPHISA.

Mine—my dear Aunt—Intention—why—I know not
What to intend—or ſay—but—a young Girl—
You comprehend me?—

VIOLENTINA.

To be ſure, I do,
Your Anſwer is ſo very clear.

CEPHISA.

Nay,—but, dear Aunt,
The Subject—ſo alarming—Baſhfulneſs
Reſtrains a Declaration—in full Terms—

VIOLENTINA.

And that is all you have to ſay?

CEPHISA.

—No—but—

VIOLENTINA.

But, what?—If this is all I muſt expect;
Judge for yourſelf as you think proper—I— [*going*.

CEPHISA.

You will not leave me, Aunt?

VIOLENTINA.

Indeed I will,
Unleſs you tell me, whether you intend,
To marry *Trufalo*.

CEPHISA.

Not I, indeed.

VIOLENTINA.

VIOLENTINA.

'Tis well.—If *Trufalo* ſuits not your Taſte,
I will propoſe another—Saw you not
A ſmart genteel young Fellow paſs this Way
When *Trufalo* was gone?

CEPHISA.

I think I did—
Well made, polite, and faſhionably dreſs'd?

VIOLENTINA.

The ſame.

CEPHISA.

His Name *Horatio*, I believe.

VIOLENTINA.

It is.

CEPHISA.

And lives in the great Square?

VIOLENTINA.

—He does;
Juſt oppoſite the Palace.

CEPHISA.

Well then, Aunty—
I—I—know nothing of him.

VIOLENTINA.

—Prithee, Child,
Don't trifle thus, and keep me in Suſpenſe;
You make me angry.

CEPHISA.

Excuſe this little Mirth,
And I will own—I know him.

VIOLENTINA.

And conſent
To this my Choice?

CEPHISA.

—Perhaps,—ye—yes,—dear Aunt—
I'll do whate'er you pleaſe.

AIR.

Be filial Duty all my Care,
That centers now in you;
Your Prudence I'll my Guide declare,
And that alone purſue.
So, my dear Aunt, Adieu—Adieu.

[*Exit.*

VIOLENTINA.

So far, as I would have it—But I ſee
Her Guardian coming hither; I will ſtrait
Make my Addreſs to him, to know his Pleaſure.
If he conſents, *Cephiſa* may be happy;
If not—I'll find ſome Trick to force the wayward Fool.

TRUFALO *within.*

Tropalo, carry my Gun to the Gunſmith.
Valerio, take my Piſtols, clean them well.
Bernardo, bring you hither my Toledo,
That truſty Sword of Battle—In an Inſtant.

VIOLENTINA.

So, here he comes. [*Enters.*
Moſt magnanimous Seignior,
Don *Truſalo*, I was looking for you,
To offer a Propoſal.

TRUFALO.

Speak.

VIOLENTINA.

You know,
You are my Niece's Guardian.—She's of Age
Now to be married; and the Time expir'd
According to her Father's Will.—What think you
Of young Horatio?—This is my Addreſs. *Curteſies.*

TRUFALO.

It is?—Firſt, Signiora, let me aſk
Your Sentiments?

VIOLENTINA.

Excuſe me, Seignior.

TRUFALO.

Speak, ſpeak, I give you Leave.

VIOLENTINA.

The Honour, Sir,
Of the firſt Word is yours.

TRUFALO.

But I command you.

VIOLENTINA.

I cannot, Seignior, but approve the Choice.

TRUFALO.

Whoſe Choice?—Acquaint the Stripling, who preſumes
To take *Cephiſa* by the Hand, ſhall anſwer it
At my Sword's Point; inform *Horatio* this.

VIOLENTINA.

Why ſo, good Seignior?

TRUFALO.

TRUFALO.

Woman, 'tis becauſe —!
I am reſolv'd to honour her myſelf
In Marriage.—Aye, and a great Honour too!

VIOLENTINA.

But let me tell you, Man, ſhe'll ne'er be yours.

TRUFALO.

Poor Woman, let me laugh, and pity now —
Your Want of Judgment.—Can you find
A Match more advantageous for your Niece?

SONG.

For Wealth, Nobility, and Valour,
In Trufalo *you'll find no Failure;*
Your Scipio's, Cæſar's, Alexander's,
And all the Grecian *Commanders,*
To Trufalo *muſt veil the Bonnet,*
If Trufalo *inſiſts upon it.—*
Who boaſts Deſcent before the Flood
From Anceſtors, all great and good.—

VIOLENTINA.

Moſt wonderfully brave! Witneſs the Man,
Who took you by the Noſe on the Parade,
When you was pleas'd to bluſter out, *you lie*;
And ſtrait you ſneak'd away, without Revenge.—

TRUFALO.

He was ignoble; and too mean for me
To cope with;—nor do I any Thing, without
Solid Reflection; and juſt as I was muſing,

On

On proper Chaſtiſement, away he ran;
Vile Coward!—

VIOLENTINA.

—O, ſpare Coward for yourſelf;
Nor boaſt thoſe foreign Names, which I know not;
But this I know; I am *Cephiſa*'s Aunt;
And if you are not her Choice, as I believe;
Moſt ſurely will I favour the Deſigns
Of young *Horatio*.—

TRUFALO.

—Let *Horatio* dare
Approach my Houſe within five hundred Yards,
I'll cruſh him into Atoms; for the Winds
To carry him through the Globe.—Remember too,
That I am *Trufalo Eſcarbombardon*
Of *Spopondrillado*,—and that's enough. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

HORATIO *peeps to ſee if* TRUFALO *is gone, and then enters.*

HORATIO.

Well, my good Friend,—and can I hope Succeſs?—

VIOLENTINA.

'Tis difficult to promiſe.—*Trufalo*,
Enrag'd, reſolves to marry her himſelf.

HORATIO.

What ſhall I do?—

VIOLENTINA.

—Nay, you muſt think on that.—
You've this Advantage; *Trufalo*'s both Fool,

And Coward, eaſily impos'd upon.—
Your Buſineſs is to trick or force Conſent.—
Think on it.—I will go and call my Niece,
And then conſult together.— [*Exit* Violentina.

HORATIO.

—Bleſſings attend you.
[*Muſing*]—Now—let me ſee—no—but—no—that will not do—

AIR.

Inſpire me, Love, with ſome Device,
This Hero to enſnare;
And favour my bold Enterpriſe
To gain the lovely Fair.

[*Muſing again*] Yes,—I have it—'twill do,—it muſt,—it ſhall.—

Enter CEPHISA *and* VIOLENTINA.

CEPHISA.

Horatio, you ſeem deep in Thought.—

HORATIO.

—For you,
Dear Lady.—

CEPHISA.

—How ſhall we proceed?—

HORATIO.

—Why thus;
I'll turn Aſtrologer, and by my Art,
With various Tricks impoſe on *Trufalo*,
To give Conſent.—

VIOLENTINA.

But ſtay; I'll go and watch,
Leſt *Trufalo* ſurprize us.— [*Exit.*

DUETTO.

HORATIO.

My dear Cephisa, *lovely Fair,*
Sweet as the Lilly, soft as Air,
May I expect?—

CEPHISA.

Expect whate'er
Your Truth and Constancy deserve.

HORATIO.

From which I'll never, never swerve.

BOTH.

Then am I bless'd,
Of more possess'd
Than all the World can give. [*repeated.*

Enter VIOLENTINA.

VIOLENTINA.

Fly, fly,—for as I live—

CEPHISA AND HORATIO.

Oh no, no, no.—

VIOLENTINA.

The boisterous Trufalo—

CEPHISA AND HORATIO.

No more, no more.

VIOLENTINA.

Is at the Door.

Enter TRUFALO.

TRUFALO.

Yes, Trufalo *is here,*
The Man who knows no Fear,
Behold and tremble at this Blade.

HORATIO.

That ne'er was for a Coward made.

CEPHISA AND HORATIO.

Oh, no, no, no, no, no.

TRUFALO.

Revenge ſhall ſleep,—I go, I go,—
To theſe you now your Safety owe.

CEPHISA, HORATIO, AND VIOLENTINA.

Oh, no, no, no, no, no.

[*Exeunt ſeverally.*

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

DUETTO.

TRUFALO.

HOW happy, how happy am I!—

VIOLENTINA [*entering.*]

That, that, you will see by-and-by.—

TRUFALO.

Cephisa *adores me,*
With Raptures of Love.

VIOLENTINA.

But Sneers at your Folly
Those Raptures may prove.

TRUFALO.

'Tis false, by the Heav'ns.—

VIOLENTINA.

'Tis true, by the Earth.

TRUFALO.

I'll soon be reveng'd.

VIOLENTINA.

You'll pardon this Mirth.

RECITATIVE.

VIOLENTINA.

And so, good Seignior, tell me seriously;
What seem'd the Disposition of your Love?

TRUFALO.

TRUFALO.

Baſe Queſtion! Know you not I muſt ſucceed,
Belov'd by Women, as I'm fear'd by Men?
One Look of mine prevails o'er either Sex,
A Smile or Frown.—

VIOLENTINA.

—So then, ſhe conſents?—

TRUFALO.

No,—my awful Preſence ſuch Impreſſion made,
She loſt her Reaſon, and, inſtead of Yes,
Cried, No.—

VIOLENTINA.

—Sure Sign of deep Impreſſion!—

TRUFALO.

It was.—Or perhaps Modeſty?—

VIOLENTINA.

—You're right.
For often have I heard the young Thing ſay,
" *Aſtrea* ne'er declar'd her Paſſion for
" Young *Celadon*,— (you know ſhe reads Romances,)
" Till towards the End of Vol. the Fifth."—

TRUFALO.

Be that as 'twill,—I ſhould be glad to know
Her real Sentiments; tho' well aſſur'd
Her Love for me is great; ſince not one Word
Hath ſhe vouchſaf'd me of her kind Affection.—

VIOLENTINA.

Well—That of this you may be aſcertain'd,
A Friend has recommended me a Man,
A wondrous Man indeed; completely ſkill'd
In Cabaliſtic Science, as they call it;
Who fathoms the profoundeſt Depths, of old
Or new Philoſophy, an Aſtrologer,
Who knows e'en what we think, as well as we ourſelves.

SONG.

He told me, how dearly I lov'd a young Swain,
(Alas! he is gone!) and how he lov'd again.
He told me what follow'd, and what went before;
He told me—all this;—and a thouſand Things more.

RECITATIVE.

TRUFALO.

Dear *Violentina*, let me ſee the Man.—
A wondrous Science is Aſtrology;
Always ſo true, that it demands Belief.

VIOLENTINA.

I'll ſend my Servant for him inſtantly. [*Exit.*

RECITATIVE.

TRUFALO.

Yet, what have I to do with 'Strologers,
When my own Worth aſſures *Cephiſa*'s Love?

SONG.

SONG.

Why then ſhould I my Judgment pluck,
Either of good, or evil Luck,
From all the Stars above;
Cephiſa's *Eyes are Stars to me,*
That, without further Scrutiny,
Announce for me her Love?

Enter CEPHISA.

CEPHISA.

To ſee you, Seignior, merrily diſpoſ'd,
Muſt always give me Pleaſure.—

TRUFALO.

So obliging!

CEPHISA.

Yes; as I heard your moſt melodious Baſe,
In the next Room, I thought it a new Song,
You know I love new Songs,—and one from you—

TRUFALO.

Dear Creature—

CEPHISA.

—Wou'd tranſport me 'yond all Meaſure.

TRUFALO.

Lovely Charmer!—I was only muſing, Child,
On future Happineſs with thee.—

CEPHISA.

With me, my Gardy.—

TRUFALO.

Yes, ſure.—

AIR.

CEPHISA.

As I am young, 'tis not for me,
To tell the pleaſing Pain.
I own my Heart is not quite free,
But will not own the Swain.

TRUFALO.

That we ſhall know preſently;—for hither
Is coming a profound Aſtrologer,
Who can tell all Things.—

CEPHISA.

La—a Conjurer!—
He'll frighten me out of my Wits.—

TRUFALO.

Charming Creature! how ſhe loves me! [*Runs off.*

Enter VIOLENTINA *with* HORATIO *diſguiſed as an Aſtrologer, and after ſome ridiculous Ceremonies between him and* TRUFALO, *he with one Hand bows* TRUFALO'S *Head very low, and with the other gives* VIOLENTINA *a Letter.*

HORATIO.

In *Leo*'s Sign may *Jupiter* preſide,
And crown your Enterprize with due Succeſs.

TRUFALO.

TRUFALO.

A mighty ſtrange Ceremony this!

HORATIO.

'I am the celebrated *Melchior*
'*Alcofibras*, deſcended from the Nymph
'*Egeria*, and *Oromatos* the Silph;
'Grandſon to *Triſmegiſtus Mercury*;
'Uncle to *Noſtradamus*; Step-Brother
'To *Meluſina*, and Couſin-German to
'The *Almanac de Milan*.—

TRUFALO.

'Fine Relations!—
'This Gentleman's of noble Progeny.' [*To* VIOLENTINA.

HORATIO.

You ſee in me the Type, the Prototype
And Archetype of all Philoſophers;
The ſeven Planets own me for their Steward;
The Commiſſary-General of Eclipſes;
Perpetual Governor of the two Bears,
The Dragon, Serpent, Hydra, Bull, and Dog,
The Lion, Scorpion,—yes, the whole celeſtial
Menagerie is mine.

TRUFALO.

Noble indeed!
But I ſhould be glad to know—

HORATIO.

Yes; you may learn from me
All the occult Sciences, as Chiromancy,
Hydromancy, Pyromancy, Alectromancy,
Necromancy, Pharmacy, and Apoplexy.

VIOLENTINA.

But, Sir, we ſhould be glad to know—

HORATIO.

Would you know Phyſic, Metaphyſic, Muſic,
Painting, Dancing, Tumbling, Fencing, Colouring,—

VIOLENTINA.

At preſent our Buſineſs is to know—

HORATIO.

Would you ſee the Travelling *Jew*, behold him,
Who has wandered now theſe ſeventeen Hundred Years,
Through all the Corners of the Earth.—

TRUEALO.

No Doubt,
You've brought ſome curious Treaſures home?—

HORATIO.

Some few. 'The reſt I gave to the great King
'Of *Terra Auſtralis*, to furniſh his Muſæum.

VIOLENTINA.

'Pardon my Curioſity; I fain would know
'What you reſerv'd?—

HORATIO.

'A Pyramid of *Egypt*,
'With *Pharaoh*'s Mummy; an *Ethiopian* Baſiliſk,
'That kill'd Two hundred thouſand Men at *Congo*:
'The little Parrot of the Great Mogul,
'That ſpake as many Languages as *Mithridate*,
'And anſwer'd all th' Ambaſſadors at Court.

I have

I have a Viol here of Common-Senſe,
Dipt from the unknown Fountain-Head of *Nile*,
Which I'll preſent your Friend,—and ſoon [*Gives it to* TRUFALO.
Will add a Peruke, made of the Hair
Of the laſt Comet, that appear'd at *Madagaſcar*
In Sixty-nine.

TRUFALO.

Sir, your moſt humble Servant:
And, in return, be pleas'd to accept this Sword,
The greateſt Rarity in all your Treaſures. [*Gives it him.*
But, Doctor, as I'm now convinc'd that Power
And Learning center all in you, be pleas'd
To clear my Doubts.—Know then I'm Guardian
To a young Lady I intend to marry.—Now,
As her Expreſſions are ambiguous, I would fain
Know from your Art—

HORATIO.

I underſtand you well—
The Sun of her bright Eyes having eclips'd
The Moon of your Underſtanding, you would know
If the Star of your Deſires would ever meet
In Conjunction with the Planet of her Conſent.

VIOLENTINA.

Wonderful Man!

TRUFALO.

It is amazing—but—

HORATIO.

If I had finiſh'd my new Coſmo-geo-hydro-
Topo-graphic Card of the Kingdom of *Saturn*,

I'm

I in a Moment had explain'd the Thing.—
But now, inſtead of that, I have with me brought
A Magic Girdle, once the Property
Of *Preſter-John*, with which when you're encircled,
You will ſee all things, preſent, paſt, and future;
Yourſelf inviſible.

TRUFALO.

Pray, Sir, put it on.

HORATIO.

Down on your Knees—

TRUFALO.

—Upon my Knees!

HORATIO.

—Yes, Sir,
Upon your Knees.

TRUFALO.

Know you not, bold Wretch,
That were the Heav'ns to fall, they would not make
A *Trufalo* bend the Knee.

HORATIO.

What! refractory
To the Command of Science!—Lady, know, Your Friend—
ACCOMPANIED. [*To* VIOLENTINA.
(I by the Zodiac ſwear) your Friend
Shall inſtantly be Hydropic.—

TRUFALO.

—Hydropic!

HORATIO.

Not only Hydropic, but Pulmonic too.—

TRUFALO.

TRUFALO.

I'm dead.——

HORATIO.

—And not Pulmonic only,

But Epileptic,—

TRUFALO.

Oh, dear Doctor!—

HORATIO.

—Paralytic,

TRUFALO.

For Heaven's Sake—

HORATIO.

—Thus having been
Hydropic, and Pulmonic, Epileptic,
Paralytic, and Phrenetic, he ſhall die
An Heretic.—Farewel. [*Going.*

VIOLENTINA.

—Oh, Sir— [*Staying him.*

TRUFALO.

—Good Doctor, ſtay;
I'm all Obedience.—

HORATIO.

—So then; on your Knees,
Nor dare to lift your Head; while thus I make
My ſolemn Invocation.—

[*He kneels, they put on the Girdle, and bind*
[*him* on both Sides *to the Wall.*

ACCOMPANIED.

Fly quick, ye Dæmons, from your dark Abodes;
To an obdurate Wretch make known your Pow'r.

SONG.

Come hither, Flippanti,—
I come and will switch him,
and switch him,
He ne'er was ſo ſwitched before.—

TRUFALO.

Oh, Oh, Oh.—

HORATIO.

Come hither, Ciganti,—
I come and will thwack him,
and rack him,
'Till I have made all his Limbs ſore.—

TRUFALO.

Oh, Oh, Oh.—

HORATIO.

And come, Boroboſco,—
I come and will burn him,
and turn him,
And burn him again;—
Boroboſco *delights in a torturing Pain.*

TRUFALO.

Oh, Oh, Oh—ſend them away,—ſend them away.—

HORATIO.

The Conditions are theſe—ſwear to obey them; That
Whate'er you ſee, you'll be content; and ſign
Whate'er ſhall be requir'd;—or you know
Your Doom for ever.—

TRUFALO.

TRUFALO.

—I ſwear,—I ſwear.—

[Violentina *beckons* Cephiſa *to come in with the Writings.*—
[Horatio *throws off his Gown, raiſes up* Trufalo, *and takes* Cephiſa *by the Hand.*]

TRUFALO.

What do I ſee? *Horatio* and *Cephiſa?*—

HORATIO.

The very ſame; and here's what you muſt ſign—

TRUFALO.

Revenge—Revenge—

HORATIO.

—Not at preſent, good Sir.

VIOLENTINA.

And ſure you will not, Sir, expoſe yourſelf
Hereafter, in blazoning this Impoſition.—

TRUFALO.

O I am mad.—

SONG.

CEPHISA.

Be calm; in vain this idle Rage!
In vain the Stars you blame.
Love ſcorns Diſparity of Age,
And courts a mutual Flame.

TRUFALO.

Well, well—releaſe me—I'm a Fool—that's all. [*He ſigns.*

CHORUS.

The happiest Bond of Love we find
In this his prime Decree;
If Hands were only to be join'd,
When faithful Hearts agree.

Then should this Theme our Songs employ;
Hail to Love, and welcome Joy.

FINIS